

e Gave  
Only Son

No. 17

Events

ARY (Brigadier R. Tap-  
April 30th, 1928, at  
Lethbridge, Alberta.  
war, Friday, May 11th;  
May 6th; C. C. Man-  
Deer, Tuesday, May 8th;  
May, May 10th, 1928.  
10th.

One time working  
it desires to locate.  
Jennings, 1.7 slender  
neck bones, age 47, last  
are ago in Alaska. Brother

Age 24, height 5 ft. 10 in.,  
engaged on land, left  
Dr. Barnard's work ten  
for him to return home.  
Age 50, medium height,  
engaged in eye trade,  
blind. Whilst there was a  
1 in B.S.A. Ceylon Works,  
Canada in 1906. Sister

ra, Age 50, height 5 ft.,  
ht blue eyes, fair complexion,  
Warrington, England.

Old Olsen, Age 39, tall,  
last heard from in 1920,  
et in touch with him.  
ndt, Norwegian, age 30,  
light hair, blue eyes, ex-  
at Seattle, Washington.  
Nels, Bagley, Sock, widows

rick, Last heard of in 1913,  
had string of raw horses,  
professor of school. Father  
Belonged to Washington of  
Mrs. Mattie McWilliams

assen, Danish, medium  
es, Clerk; wanted because

derason. Born in Japan,  
is always neat and proper,  
and four children want to  
father. Brother making  
to anxious.

ttson, Swedish, age 64,  
yes, missing since 1919,  
worked in mines. Sister

r, Age 24, height 5 ft.,  
h complexion, grey eyes,  
ear under the eye on left  
trade, also has knowledge  
free man, missing since  
in Scotland extremely

derason, Danish, age 42,  
Was working as a shepherd  
Henry, address unknown,  
and 1.7 ft. eyes, father

or Kid Johnson, May  
Norwegian, age 40, height  
er camps in Saskatchewan.

Age 47, height 5 ft. 10 in.,  
r camp runs, never of  
ought to be working in  
in Vancouver. Sister

ick McBride. The niece  
ocate him. He is 1.7 ft. tall,  
t, tall, sandy complexion,  
ited his home in New  
years ago. There need not



the relieved and  
of the patient.

# WAR CRY

THE  
WILLIAM BOOTH,  
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BRAMWELL BOOTH  
General

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
101 Green Victoria St., London, E.C.

IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.



Let us pay honour to her, who, after Jesus Christ, is God's best  
gift to man—MOTHER

### "My Refuge"

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe."—Prov. 18:10.

Thou hidden Source of calm repose,  
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,  
My Help and Refuge from my foes,  
Secure I am if Thou art mine;  
And lo! from sin and grief and shame,  
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

Thy mighty name Salvation is,  
And keeps my happy soul above;  
Comfort it brings and power and peace  
And joy and everlasting love.  
To me, with Thy dear name, are given  
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

Jesus, my All-in-all Thou art,  
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,  
The medicine of my broken heart,  
In war my peace, in loss my gain,  
To grief my joy unspeakable,  
My life in death, my All-in-all.

—C. Wesley.

### THE ELOQUENT HANDS

A mother lay dying, and called her eldest girl to her side. "I am sorry to leave you, darling," she said. "It is a hard task I am giving you, but do your best for the home and the children, and be sure to have them in bed when father comes home the worse for drink." "Yes, mother," she tearfully answered, "I'll do my best."

She did her best during the long and trying summer that followed, but the work and responsibility were too much for the little heroine's strength. The doctor was summoned, but all he could do was to shake his head and say that nothing could be done.

Sending for her girl friend, Katie, the little sufferer told her all that the doctor had said, and finished by saying: "There is one thing that troubles me, Katie. More than once, when saying my prayers, I have fallen asleep, and I can't think what I shall say to Jesus about this when I see Him."

Then Katie looked at the toil-worn hands on the bed, showing signs of work that had been too hard for the frail fingers, and said: "Don't trouble about that, dear, just show him your hands, and He will understand."

### MAKE THE BEST OF THE WORST

An old saying hath it, "When things are at the worst they will mend." Worse than the worst cannot be, so let's "Make the best of it," and sing cheerily in the "felt darkness." Only abounding grace can supply this "spiced wine of the pomegranate," still it's to be had for the seeking, when we search for it with all our heart. When the Israelites were "at the worst," then the sea divided, and songs of triumph were heard. The three young Hebrews saw that at "the worst" the "Fourth One" appeared, even the Son of God walking in the midst of the fire. At "the worst" the mouths of the famishing lions were stopped; at "the worst" the despairing disciples saw Him whom their souls loved walking on the waves, bringing hope, deliverance and blessing. With God for us the worst in our life is often, if not always, the best, for all things work together for good.

### THE GREAT MAGNET

The magnet draws all kinds of nails, but not gold or silver; so Christ draws all kinds of sinners, but not the self-righteous. The magnet will draw nails out of sawdust or muddy water, but will draw only the nails. Christ draws sinners out of the worst sins, but He never draws the sins. The nails which touch the magnet have a power imparted unto them that enables them to draw other nails, but it is always towards their magnet. They cannot boast of this power, for it is not theirs. The least separation between them and the magnet breaks their drawing power.

God has never been satisfied with worship without the worshipper, gift without the giver, service without the servant.

Remember, that in life, as in a mirror, you never get more out than you put in.

How wonderful that God in Christ could listen to the thoughts of little children and answer them in their own language.

## The Mothers at the Gate

By Skipper Tommy Lovejoy



hand lay still and strangely heavy on my head.

Then I knew that my mother was dead. I leaped from my knees with a broken cry, and stood expectant, but yet in awe, searching the dim, breathless room for a beautiful figure, white-robed, winged, radiant, like the angel of the picture by my bed, for I believed that souls thus took their flight; but I saw only shadows.

"Mama," I whispered, "where is you?" There was no answer to my question; night without. But it was still and breathless in the room.

"Mama," said I, "is your soul hidin' from me?" Still I was left unanswered! I waited, listening—but was not answered.

"Mama," I screamed, "you forgot to kiss me good-bye! Oh, come back!" "She've forgot me!" I moaned. "Oh, she've forgot me!" I threw myself down in an agony of tears.

Later on, Skipper Tommy Lovejoy, finding me disconsolate, took me to the seaward hills to watch the break of day; for the rain had ceased, the wind fallen away; and the gray light of dawn was in the Eastern sky.

"I'm waitin' 't tell you, Davy," he said, in a confidential way, as we trudged along, "about the gate o' heaven."

I look his hand. "An' I've been waitin' 't tell you," he added, giving his nose a little tweak, "for a long, long time."

"Is you?" "Ay, lad; an' about the women at the gate."

"Women, Skipper Tommy?" said I, puzzled. "An' pray, who is they?" "Mothers," he answered. "Just mothers."

"What they doin' at the gate? No, no! They're not there. Sure, they're playin' harps at the foot o' the throne." "No," said he, positively; "they're at the gate."

"What they doin' there?" "Waitin'."

We were now come to the crest of a hill; and the sea was spread before us, breaking angrily under the low, black sky.

"What they waitin' for?" I asked. "Davy, lad," he answered, impressively, "they're waitin' for them they bore. That's what they're waitin' for."

"For their sons?" "Ay; and for their daughters, too."

While I watched the big seas break on the rocks below—and the clouds drift up from the edge of the world—I pondered upon this strange teaching. My mother has never told me of the women waiting at the gate.

"Ah, but," I said, at last, "I'm thinking God would never allow it 't go on. He'd want un all 't sing His praises. Sure, they'd just be waitin' His time—waitin' there at the gate."

Skipper Tommy shook his head—and smiled, and softly patted my shoulder.

"An' He'd gather un there, at the foot o' the throne," I went on, "an' tell un 't wait no more, but strike up their golden harps."

"No, no."

"Why not?" "They wouldn't go."

"But He'd make un go."

"He couldn't."

"Not make un?" I cried, amazed. "Look you, lad," he explained, in a stage whisper, "they're all mothers, an' they'd be waitin' 't stay where they was, an' seed, they'd find a way."

"Ah, well," I sighed, "is wearisome work—this waitin'."

"I'm thinkin' not," he answered, soberly, speaking rather to himself than to me. "Tis not wearisome for such as know the good Lord's plan."

"Tis wonderful hard," I said, "on the mothers o' wicked sons."

The old man smiled. "Who knows," he asked, "that 'tis wonderful hard on they?"

"But then," I mused, "the Lord would find a way 't comfort the mother o' such."

"Oh, ay."

"I'm thinkin', maybe," I went on, "that He'd send an angel 't tell they wasn't worth the waitin' for. Mind un not He'd say. 'They're nothin' but bad wicked boys. Leave un go 't hell an' burn.'"

"An', now, what, lad," he enquired with deep interest, "is you thinkin' the mother would do?"

"She'd take the angel's hand," I sighed.

"Ay."

"An' go up to the throne—forgetting them she'd left."

"An' then?"

"She'd praise the Lord," I sobbed.

"Never," the skipper cried. "I looked hopefully in his face."

"Never," he repeated. "Lord she'd say, 'I loves un all the more for their sins. Leave un wait—oh, leave me wait—here at the gate. Maybe—sometime—they'll come.'"



He took me to the seaward hills.

"But some," said I, in awe, "would wait forever—an' ever—an' ever."

"Not one."

"Not one. 'Twould break the dear Lord's heart 't see un waiting there."

I looked away to the furthest clouds, fast changing, now, from gray to silver; and for a long time I watched them thin and brighten.

"Skipper Tommy," I asked, at length, "is my mother at the gate?"

"Ay," said he confidently. "Waitin'?"

"Ay."

"An' for me?"

He gave me an odd look—searching my very soul with his mild old eyes.

"Doesn't you think she is?" he cried. "I knows it," I cried.

Far off, at the horizon, the sky broke—and the light broadened—and the clouds lifted—and the east flamed with colour—and all at once the rosy, helpful light of dawn flushed the frowning sea.

"Look!" the skipper whispered.

"Ay," said I, the new day is broken!

"A new day," said he.

"—Dr. Luke of the Labrador," by Norman Drake

If I could e'er repay the love  
My Mother gave to me,  
By one life-long devotion  
How happy I would be.

—A prisoner's regret.

### Daily Bible Meditations



Sunday, Mark 10:13-22.—"Jesus be-holding him loved him." The Saviour saw the great possibilities in this young man. With his youth, fine character, influence, great possessions, he could have done so much for the Kingdom. He might have become another Paul amongst the Apostles. But love of his wealth stood in the way of his giving Christ the chief place in his heart, and so he lost all that is best and highest in life.

Monday, Mark 10:23-34.—"An hundredfold now." God is never in any man's debt, and He returns quickly what is lent to Him. Only those who have given up all for the Lord know how lovingly and bountifully He repays.

Rich in the life that He gives to His own. Filled with the peace passing all understanding. Every need met through access to His Throne.

Tuesday, Mark 10:35-52.—"Grant unto us that we may sit . . . in Thy Glory." The sons of Zebedee asked for the two chief places in the Kingdom, but they did not ask for fellowship in the King's sufferings. They wanted positions for which they had not troubled to prepare themselves. The Saviour "went about doing good," but these men wanted to "sit" and direct and control others. Lord, deliver us from the same desire and spirit!

Wednesday, Mark 11:1-11.—"The Lord hath need of him." It is wonderful to think that the Lord should "need" anything human. We may be as rough and untrained as this colt, but the Lord will use us if we are loosed and given to Him. The colt could not untie itself, neither can we; but at the Saviour's word we can be freed from all that hinders. Then He will guide and direct our path through life.

Thursday, Mark 11:23-33.—"He was hungry." Though the Saviour had miraculously provided food for the multitude, He performed no miracle to meet His own need. He, the Lord of all, was content to go hungry that He might be made like unto His brethren (Hebrews 2:17). He sympathizes as no one else can with all the hungry and needy in the world to-day. If we can help them, let us hasten to do so; one day we shall hear Him say, "I was an hungry, and ye gave Me meat."

Friday, Mark 11:34-35.—"When ye stand praying, forgive." Why? Because we cannot expect forgiveness from God if we will not grant it to others. The spirit which bears grudges, and will not forgive, has done terrible harm even amongst the people of God wherever it has been allowed to creep in. Resolve fast changing, now, from gray to silver; and for a long time I watched them thin and brighten.

Saturday, Mark 12:1-12.—"They knew that He had spoken the parable against them." The Saviour had not pointed a moral, but their consciences convicted them as He pictured their own conduct acted out by others. There is an interpreter in every man's heart. In the long run the conscience in each of us asserts itself. Let us listen to it and obey its voice.

### The Gentle Hint

He Denied Himself Thrice

The comments of local newspapers on The Army's affairs are often amusing to those who are initiated into the mysteries of Army rank, custom, and precedent, but sometimes the recorder of local news manages to hit the mark in most delicate fashion. One such devoted two lines to Self-Denial in a paper which came out a few hours after the beginning of the street stand work. "By the way," he wrote, "this is Self-Denial Week. I have already denied myself thrice." What more in the way of gentle hint could the worthy residents in that district require?



### MOTHER!

What a word to grip one's imagination! What a word to move one's heart! Next to the gift of His Own Son, the greatest gift to the world!

And this because God recognized that the greatest need of the world was the need of mothers.

What an article could be written on the great mothers of great sons. One would wish to go back to the mother of Moses, and then down the ages to the mother of Augustine, and still on to the mother of the Wesleys, and then to our own Mother of the Army, with the mother of our Lord standing out in clear relief above them all.

Sometimes wonder what is the great gift which The Salvation Army is making to the world of to-day. About this there may be many opinions, but surely they too are making a great contribution to the motherhood of the world. We think first of Mrs. General Booth and then on to the most obscure mother of the smallest Corps.

Who is at the back of much of the service of our Local Officers, our Bandmen and Songsters, our Soldiers? Mother! Think of the Cadets in the Training Garrison; the many Officers in the Field; the Missionary Officers occupying the hazardous places of our fire-flaming battle line. How came this modern host of saints and warriors there in the forefront

In the Northern Territory of India, at a place named Rura, quite close to the Campore of historic note, The Salvation Army has a School for boys of the Criminal Tribes, and in this School we have a very creditable Drum and File Band. The boys who compose the Band love to go to the village grounds to play, to sing and to testify, and some really good Meetings have been held in many of the villages by the Officers of the School, with these boys.

During the last Self-Denial Effort it was arranged that the Band, accompanied by the Officer and his wife, should go to a small town some nine or ten miles away from the School. The boys asked that they might be allowed to play and collect at the villages on the way. This they did, and with very good results. On the return journey some of the smaller boys got very tired, and someone suggested that a few seats of the money collected might be spent to take them to a station near the school. One of the boys, just as tired as the rest, spoke up and said: "No, we won't not to do that. Jesus walked many miles of roads just like these for our sake, and we ought to do this for Him." This thought stirred the hearts of the boys as they trudged along the road that led extra long on account of their tiredness, but they did it for Jesus' sake.

### A Special Day

In the way they went out every day for a . . . All the surrounding villages were visited, and a considerable amount was raised to swell the Self-Denial Fund. One day while they were collecting, they came to the Official Bungalow, and one of the local officials, who happened to be there, listened with much interest to their singing and playing. He gave them a dollar for the Self-Denial Effort, and some cake for the boys. They would not have been real boys had they not thought that a very special day, would they?

The very best of all, however, was the blessing which came to the hearts of the little fellows as they walked along the dusty roads. They had discovered something of the real joy of Self-Denial, and when the end of the Effort arrived

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**MOTHER!**  
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Who is at the back of much of the  
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diers? Mother! Think of the Cadets  
in the Training Garrison; the many  
Officers on the Field; the Missionary  
Officers occupying the hazardous  
places of our fire-burning battle line.  
How came this modern host of saints  
and warriors there in the front-front

In the Northern Territory of India, at a  
place named Rura, quite close to the  
Camp of historic note. The Salvation  
Army has a School for boys of the Criminal  
Tribes, and in this School we have a very  
creditable Drum and Fife Band. The  
boys who compose the Band love to go to  
the village around, to play, to sing and  
to dance, and some really good Melodians  
have been led in many of the villages by  
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During the last Self-Denial Effort it  
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and when the end of the Effort arrived

## "MOTHER"

That the Mothers of to-day may make the Mothers' Day  
of Tomorrow

By LT.-COMMISSIONER RICH

of the line of service and sacrifice?  
Because behind them, or nearly all of  
them, is one who has been the inspira-  
tion of their warfare from their  
earliest youth. Mother!

But my pen is eager to write of my  
own mother, and I am sure that yours  
would be just as ready if you could  
not give it the opportunity. I will  
write of my mother, and you will  
think of yours, and, so writing and  
reading together, there will swell up  
within the hearts of each of us a  
great joy that God has given us such  
a glorious evidence of His love for us.

How can I present my mother to  
you? Her photograph reminds me of  
so much, but if it were possible to  
read all that has been in her heart  
these many years, and for me to tell  
it out, you surely would rejoice with  
me. I think of so many of her qual-  
ities which have been my pride and  
are so to-day. Her intellectual cap-  
acity, her keen sense of right and  
wrong and of justice which have held  
her children's respect, and of all who  
have known her.

My mother has a large sense of  
humour which has helped her and  
others over many a rough place, and  
helped her to turn some perilous  
corners, as well as to relieve some  
awkward situations.

My mother has the quality of eter-  
nal youth—at least, I think so. She  
is eighty this month, and as young as  
ever; sometimes she seems younger  
than her children. This same youth-  
fulness has enabled her to be a com-  
panion, a friend, to her children, as  
well as a mother.

Then my mother has a tremendous

sense of truth. I have never known  
her to say anything that was not  
strictly true. I cannot remember her  
saying anything I would like to for-  
get. Yet she is no puritan; always  
generous to the frailties of others;



"My Mother."

never narrow, but broadminded, yet  
always standing for the truth.

My mother is a woman of high  
moral courage. I have stood with her  
in the storm, and her courage has  
never failed. Life could deal no harder  
blows than have fallen upon her—  
sickness, loss, bereavement; and sur-

rows, too, that go deeper down than  
any of these; difficulties that could  
never be put into words, but her cour-  
age has been equal to them all.

But the biggest thing about my  
mother is the bigness of her heart.  
Confined to her room by ill-health,  
cut off from human contact by deaf-  
ness—in spirit she follows The Army  
Flag everywhere. She is a voracious  
reader of all Army news. In spirit she  
is always on the march.

Yet, it is the qualities of her heart  
that make her great—great to me.  
Her pity, never-ending patience, her  
long suffering for the unfortunate,  
forgiveness for the erring, sympathy  
and understanding, and like the Mas-  
ter Whom she so devotedly serves, a  
love that is unlimited.

That's it, her religion is a very real  
thing; she has a big, an unbounded  
faith in God.

Now you have caught a glimpse of  
my mother. I am still her son, and  
you will forgive me if my heart has  
gone out in writing about her and  
calling to her across the miles. Have  
you seen your mother? I think some  
of you have. Come, then, let us thank  
God together—let us strive to be  
worthy.

And, do you know, I cannot close  
this article without another word. To  
those who are the mothers of to-day,  
I do not see what a wonderful  
heritage you can hand on to your own  
sons and daughters? All that I have  
said about my mother may, by God's  
grace, be said about you, and so in  
the years to come, when you and I  
and the rest of us have passed away,  
our boys and girls will be saying just  
the same things about you—and their  
father too, I trust—and so shall the  
old, old word be true over and over  
again—"Their children rise up and  
call them blessed."

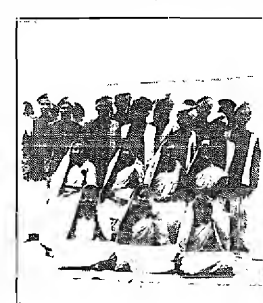
After all, that is the highest ideal  
of Mother's Day—that the Mothers of  
to-day may make the Mothers' Day  
of tomorrow.

## Army Youth in Northern India

By MRS. MAJOR WATKINS

they felt sorry to give up doing that  
which had brought them so much happi-  
ness, because they had done it for Jesus'  
sake!

The Cadets of the "Warrior Session"  
now in Training at the Northern India  
Training Garrison are rejoicing over their  
Self-Denial victories. The Effort began  
with the Week of Prayer, in which Offi-



Cadets in the Punjab Training Gar-  
rison who have come from The Army's  
Social Institutions—Boarding Schools  
and Criminal Tribes Settlements.

cers and Cadets participated. A lecture  
was given in the Training Garrison con-  
cerning the Self-Denial Effort throughout  
the world, and then a start was made in  
the actual collecting.

In the immediately preceding Sessions  
the women-Cadets have outshone the  
men-Cadets, but this year the position  
was reversed! However, all the Cadets  
smashed their Targets, and one Cadet

trebled his! It was street collecting, pure  
and simple.

There of the men-Cadets who were  
appointed to collect in the railway section  
of the Lahore city became much dis-  
couraged through many refusals, so they  
got into an empty goods wagon on a rail-  
way siding, and prayed for courage to  
continue. Courage came, and victory,  
too.

Mrs. Adjutant Hughes and the women-  
Cadets went round singing. As they  
were singing in a certain street, an im-  
posing Indian wedding procession came  
along. The master of ceremonies stopped  
the procession and calling the Cadets  
near to the bridal carriage, said: "Sing  
us a song for good luck." The Cadets  
sang a translation of the 24th Psalm:  
"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness  
thereof." Such a crowd gathered round  
that there was scarcely room or air enough  
for them to sing, but they sounded forth  
the message clearly and plainly, that  
those who would receive the blessing  
from the Lord must have clean hands  
and a pure heart. Surely it was a good  
omen for the future of the bride and  
bridegroom that they should meet just  
such a singing company on their wedding  
day.

The proprietor of a large store in the  
Indian portion of the city gave a dona-  
tion and said, "I would like to know  
something about your Society. If you  
would supply me with some literature,  
giving information concerning your aims  
and activities, I should be glad." He has  
been supplied with pamphlets and papers  
and, from a little interest in his organiza-  
tion may be he to have a great interest  
in our Lord and Master.

In the picture herewith are shown the  
Cadets at present in the Training Garrison,  
Lahore, who have come to us through the  
activities of the Social Work. Seventeen  
fine young men and women are these.

To each one an interesting character, but  
to Rhona—the woman-Cadet in the  
centre of the bottom row—attaches a  
story of unusual interest. She was born  
a member of the Bhauri Criminal Tribe.  
Her ancestry includes murderers, dacoits,  
robbers of violence, and all manner of  
crimes have been perpetrated by those  
with whom Rhona has to own relation-  
ship. However, when Rhona was quite  
a small girl, her parents were sent by the  
government to a settlement under the  
care of The Salvation Army. Here, in the  
Junior Meetings, she learned about the  
love of God, and Jesus Christ has a very  
real place in her heart.

## Through Great Difficulties

For some time she has had a desire to  
become a Salvation Army Officer, but she  
has had to struggle through great diffi-  
culties in order to get to the Training  
Garrison. When she applied for Officer-  
ship, her mother wrote to the government  
stating that her daughter was being  
enticed into Salvation Army Service  
against her (Rhona's) will, and in order  
to be free to come into training, Rhona  
had to declare before a magistrate that  
no undue pressure had been brought to  
bear upon her, but that it was her own  
great desire that she might become a  
Salvation Army Officer. When she was  
freed by government, her mother tore up  
the clothes that Rhona had been so care-  
fully preparing, burned her shoes, and in  
every possible way persecuted her and  
endeavoured to prevent Rhona from  
entering the Training Garrison. Rhona  
declared, however, that whatever hap-  
pened with regard to clothing, or anything  
else, she was determined to trust in God,  
for she was sure He had called her to  
take this step.

She is a picture of peace and confidence  
as she goes about her duties as a Cadet,  
and she has no fear regarding the future,  
knowing that God has given her the courage  
to break away from the customs and  
fetters of the tribe into which she was so  
unfortunate as to be born. She is truly  
an illustration of the statement we love  
to shout and sing—

"For the Lion of Judah can break every  
chain.  
And give us the victory again and again."

## A Missionary Journey BRIGADIER AND MRS. PENNICK

At Calgary

The visit of Brigadier and Mrs. Pennick on a recent Thursday evening was most delightful, and a real privilege. It took the enjoyable form of a Lantern Lecture; some beautiful slides were shown, and the singing of the Brigadier and his wife was an inspiration. The Band and Songsters were out in full force, and rendered good service, the Songsters singing "Prayer Changes things," one of the Brigadier's own compositions.—H.I.

And Regina

On April 21st we had the great pleasure of hearing Brigadier and Mrs. Pennick, this being the introductory Meeting of their week-end Campaign with us. There was a good gathering in the Citadel to hear their most interesting lecture, and the Brigadier's graphic description of work in that far-off land of China, and Mrs. Pennick's descriptions of places and people.

All Sunday our Missionary visitors were still with us, and profitable, soul-stirring times were experienced. In the morning the Holiness Meeting was very helpful, both the Brigadier and his wife speaking; in the afternoon we were treated to another interesting lecture. At night the Citadel was filled to hear our comrades. The Citadel Band and Songsters contributed much to the blessing of the Meeting; Mrs. Pennick's stirring address was rousing to a degree. After a stiff battle we had the joy of seeing three seekers at the Mercy-Seat. We enjoyed a very blessed week-end with these visitors.—W.G.W.

And Winnipeg

"It was in the early days of 1916, during the Great War, when the submarine menace made it impossible to get Officers from England to China with any degree of safety that the General gave us orders to leave India, where we had labored for ten years, and proceed to Peking." Thus did our missionary visitors, Brigadier and Mrs. Pennick, come to have the privilege of aiding in the Christianizing of a portion of the vast country of China.

Room could scarcely be made to seat the crowds which desired to see and hear the visitors during the weekend, and from the commencement, Sunday morning, there was prevalent a heart-gripping power and a soul-deepening influence. Laughter, tears, and Hallelujahs followed nearly every incident related by the Brigadier and his wife during the day. Just read the following and wonder not why it was the Founder's dying wish that The Army should go to China!

The medical treatment given to a young woman: She had to drink the ash of charmed paper in water. In twenty places her body was punctured with needles. Sixteen hot bricks were placed on her legs. She was made to eat a mud brick, and to a cinder. She was placed in the boiling mixture of the leaves of five trees. Her mother, brothers and sisters had to bump their heads on the ground before incense burners every time the girl was seized with cramps. She had to eat an old straw hat boiled in water, and also drink the water in which seven big black beetles had been boiled.

"Some Tonic"

Then The Army came her way, and the Officers gave her proper medical attention. She and her family are now Salvationists, and the girl is almost recovered.

"Wasn't that some tonic?" The Bandmaster said to the writer at the close of the Holiness Meeting, and it certainly was. "Out of you shall flow rivers of living water," was the text upon which the Brigadier based his talk. He very ably put the scene in its Eastern setting and very cleverly and effectively made the spiritual application. We are glad to report that many thirsty ones drank that morning.

A large gathering in the afternoon thoroughly enjoyed the informative talk on the situation in China, political and religious. To illustrate the latter, the Brigadier had a large number of interesting objects, incense burners, models of Buddha, and small temples, and also some of the paper money which is burned periodically, and which the Chinese believe goes to their ancestors in the other world, and keeps them from becoming poor.

## STORIES FROM CHINA

By BRIGADIER WM. PENNICK



### A Prayer Needing no Answer

"Lord, do not let the Missionaries save all the heart before I can grow up and help them." This was the boyish prayer of Ensign George Lancashire, now Sectional Officer in Cheng Ting Fu, in the Province of Chihli. He has no illusions now, and no ill-founded fears that occasion for self-sacrifice will fail him.

### Sleeping with the Dead.

The train is about to pull out for Cheng Ting Fu, and the Ensign is aboard. It is 2 a.m. on an early March morning, and penetrating wind from over the Gobi Desert is filling the air with dust. The Ensign has secured his sleeping berth. It is his own blanket spread upon the floor of a coal truck. To screen him from the biting wind he has the freight-car side on his left, and on his right a ponderous Chinese coffin in which is the body of a military official being conveyed to the family burying ground. It is not altogether an unimproved blessing that the temperature is below zero!

A crowd of military soldiers off to the front fill the remaining space in the car. Conversation opens by those passengers questioning the Ensign as to the object of his journey, and easily the talk comes around to the story of Jesus and the Salvation of God. Sleep at last claims them all.

Waking in the early dawn, the Officer finds the car empty, and is not altogether unappreciative of the fact that his fellow travellers have left him with his blankets.

### Arrested as a Spy—

### Feasted as a Guest

The railway was in the hands of the military, no passengers were being carried, and yet the road to D.H.Q. led through the military zone. But Lieutenant Huo, of The Salvation Army, felt he must get to Feng Chu, both for advice on urgent matters, and in order that he might see how his European Officer comrades were faring. Challenged en route by the military, he was accused of espionage,

The "S.R.O." sign was hung up before the Meeting started on Sunday night, and Mrs. Pennick was in good form, delivering a powerful message. Nothing could have been more interesting than the Brigadier's story of how he came to write the words to the song which the Songsters contributed to the evening's enjoyment. "Lay up treasure in Heaven."

The first seeker at the Mercy-Seat was a man who, in an Army Meeting in a old land, twenty-three years ago, should have given his heart to God, but has resisted ever since; in fact he wouldn't trust himself in an Army Hall since then.

It seems to us that there are many of our readers who would welcome the information and the inspiration which has been ours during recent days in connection with the visit of Brigadier and Mrs. Pennick, of China. Their Meetings throughout the Territory are fully reported elsewhere, but some of the stories about our work in the East might well be set down as under, and we also have an idea that in thus reading somebody may be stirred up to further action in regard to Self-denial, and what is more important still, to a renewed consecration of themselves to the service of God and The Army.

We give the stories just as they have been handed to us by the Brigadier; they make their own stirring appeal.

arrested, and held a prisoner to await the pleasure of the commanding officer.

Evening came, and imagine his relief when the commanding officer, after a series of close questionings, disclosed the fact that he himself was one of a company of men who had been nursed from wounds to health by a company of Salvation Army Officers some months before.

Suspicion turned to friendship, Lieut. Huo was made the principal guest at a feast prepared in his honour, and in the morning he departed carrying a free pass, charging



Brigadier and Mrs. Pennick.

all concerned in the military ranks to assist him forward on his journey.

### Tied to a Stake and Nearly Burned Alive

Captured by bandits, the subject of this story was first fearfully wounded, and then tied to a stake for the sport of his captors. To heighten their pleasure in his sufferings, kerosene was poured over him, and he was threatened with death by burning if he did not confess to the place of some supposed hidden wealth.

Failure to make this confession, and the staunchness with which he faced his foes, resulted in a lighted match being applied to his oil-saturated clothes. A few hours afterwards, he was discovered by our Adjutant Dare. The fire had left terrible burns; he was in almost mortal agony; the frost had added to his sufferings. It took weeks on the part of the Adjutant to restore him to some degree of health, and one cannot but imagine that with that return of physical health, there came also the joy of Salvation in Jesus.

It took some time to convince him that his chances for Salvation were just as good as they were twenty-three years ago, because he has sinned much since then, but the message of the morning was given to him, "If any man thirst let him come."

### Mrs. Commissioner Rich Preaching

On Monday night, preceding the illustrated lecture, Mrs. Commissioner Rich prayed, "How glad we are that Jesus loves us." It was this gladness welling up in our hearts that made the great crowd of Salvationists and friends

## SALVATION IN THE LUMBER CAMPS OF ALBERTA

A lumber camp trip, undertaken by Captain Leasher and Lieut. Thorsen (Edson), furnishes some interesting reading. Writes the Captain:

"We have been out to the Pat Marigan tie and lumber camp thirty-eight miles from Edson, and the journey was made by sleigh and team; for this, permission was obtained to go with Mr. Grant, a Christian man who freights provisions to the camp.

"The trip took us two days and there was quite a heavy load on the sleigh. We stayed a night at the half-way house, a log cabin once used by a fur trader in the district. There we prepared supper on a stove left in the hut and the latter prayers, rolled up in our blankets. In the morning we arose from our bed of hay and were away early, calling at a trapper's cabin to leave him a mail. At noon we reached a stopping place where the day was used in the morning passed by on their way to Grande Prairie.

"On arrival at the camp we were greeted by the cook who gave us a piece of pie 'like mother used to make' and after supper with the aid of our old friend the burjo, sang choruses with the men and spoke to them of the deeper things of life and the last hour. We then read the Bible and had prayer. The men seemed to enjoy our visit and invited us to come again."

### WON BY LOVE

A child of the wilds in Southern Mexico found herself in serious trouble, and finally, force of circumstances drove her into one of the northern States. The police courts and State institutions dealt roughly with her, and at the expiration of her first term of imprisonment she became a recognized outlaw. A hunted creature, she was rounded up on every occasion when public resentment demanded the interference of the police. Eventually she got into such trouble as was beyond the power of the law to handle, and she entered an Army Home.

Her first act when shown to a dormitory was to attack, and severely beat, the Officer who was with her. The Officer prayed for divine guidance, and asked the matron to be allowed to wait on his attacker. The request was granted, and the Officer tried the language that all can understand. Eventually the fiery little Mexican broke down. Her sobs aroused the Home family that night, and all the while the arms of the Officer were around her and prayers of praise to God rose Heaven high over another sinner who had repented.

### The Regeneration of Elsie

Elsie was an incorrigible kleptomaniac. After sundry fruitless attempts to teach her honesty ways, most of those who took an interest in her lost all hope of her reformation. Even the Social Officers under whose influence she came found their efforts unavailing. It almost seemed that taking things that were not her own, and denying all knowledge of the theft, was a mental disease with Elsie. Frequent exposures, straight dealing, tender pleading, tears, and despairing entreaties all failed to affect her until she sought Salvation. Then Elsie became a new woman. After proving her worthiness, she was introduced to a responsible position, which she filled with satisfaction for the last three years. She is now a valuable service as a Salvationist in the camps to which she belongs.

ing so heartily, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me."

The various slides shown, especially those dealing with The Army work in China created great interest. The captives, and as Adjutant St. John put it, in voicing the thanks of all to our visitors. "Your visit to our camp, on the eve of our great Self-Denial Effort is most opportune; now watch us over the top." We trust this may be said.

As stated, Mrs. Commissioner Rich supported our comrades on Monday, and Staff-Captain and Mrs. St. John aided the visitors on Sunday.—J.R.W.

## THE GENERAL in Sheffield

Lord-Mayor who was Dedicated by the Founder

THE world over Salvationists are interested in the goings and doings of the General, and it will be no small thing to all such to know that the Campaign which he recently conducted in Sheffield was blessed by immediate and rich results, for which we give God the glory, and we have every reason for believing that the future will disclose yet other gratifying and God-honouring fruits. There were 127 seekers at the Mercy-Seat, an unusually fine proportion of them being young men, but the gracious influence of the Campaign were many and varied, says the London "War Cry," and provocative of thought, which will have an outcome in action in days to be.

One interesting incident was related by the Lord-Mayor of Sheffield, Alderman Moses Humberstone, who presided at the General's lecture on the Sunday afternoon, when he said that, sixty-seven years before, he had first met The Army Founder, who, in a little Lincolnshire chapel, had christened him, saying, "I have given him the name of a great leader of men. I pray that, in years to come, he may live up to that name." "I hope," concluded Sheffield's first citizen, "when my time's run, that it may be said of me that I tried to do something in that direction!"

With hearty words of welcome he presented the General to the enthusiastic gathering, and what a rousing reception those warm-hearted Yorkshire folk offered The Army's Leader! Just such another as the Canadians would give, Eh?

### Mrs. General Booth

#### A Plain Spoken Religion at Bath

The British "War Cry" gives an interesting account of Mrs. Booth's recent visit to the ancient city of Bath, and records thirty-eight seekers at the Mercy-Seat. Those who have had the privilege of hearing the wife of our General will appreciate the remark of a man who went away from one of the Meetings saying:

"Ah! that's what I like—plainness of speech, no fantastical words, and real warmth of heart; the likes of us can understand that."

An interesting recollection of early days in the life of the Deputy Mayor of the City, who was present at the afternoon Meeting, and who "brought down the house" as he told of his association with The Army in Bath at the time when his Officer was sent to jail for obstruction. He was on the platform at the Welcome Meeting of that Officer, who rode from the jail gates to the Hall on a white charger. This comrade, Lieutenant, now Major, Effry, was present to hear the story told, and enjoyed with the audience the enthusiastic oratory of this warm-hearted friend.

OVER thirty-six years ago I witnessed the first of two henten kneel to seek Salvation at Amatukulu River. The Army's first station in Zululand. What warriors they were! Both are still alive, and are now in the hands of the Lord. One is now an Envoy, became our first Liaison Officer. They have been "pillars of the Temple of the Lord."

In Zululand I conducted a jail Meeting. A message of hope reached many. A chained prisoner gathered up his chains, and with his hands were full and he reverently to the Penitent-Form took Him who "sets the prisoner free."

On a Missionary Farm in Rhodesia, a young man in an almost nude condition obtained employment from the Government. From humble beginnings he worked his way till he became overseer of more than



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Winnipeg, May 3rd

Anything concerning Commissioner Brengle is of deep concern to all Army comrades. The New York "War Cry" reports that he is making satisfactory progress following a second operation at the Homeopathic Hospital at East Orange, N.J. We surely pray that these good reports may continue.

An interesting Old Country promotion is that of Lt.-Colonel Frank Sharpe, who attains this rank after a service of thirty-seven years. The Colonel is one of the front rank workers in the I.H.Q. Subscribers Department. He is the father of Captain Leslie Sharpe, of our Immigration Services, and has also another son and a daughter in the ranks of Officership. We'll be glad to see you, Colonel.

Another advancement at International Headquarters which is not without interest for Officers and Soldiers in Canada West is that of Staff-Captain Hal Beckett to the rank of Major. Congratulations are always in order in such a connection. The Major holds the position of Sub-Editor of "The Officer," and Mrs. Beckett's articles are always welcome in the Editorial den.

Said a lady telephone operator recently, "Tell Brigadier that he always gets quick service because he often says, 'God bless you' to us; but tell that other man that he——". Well, we leave it at that.

Officers and Comrades in all parts of the Territory will be interested in the departure of Adjutant and Mrs. Greenaway for the Southland Territory of the United States. The Adjutant farewelled on Monday night last from his appointment at the Vancouver D.H.Q. and goes to take similar duty in the South Carolina Division. We wish them the best of blessings and much success; a wish which was well expressed in a farewell message sent to them by the Commissioner on the eve of their departure.

Adjutant and Mrs. Fox and family have also passed the Line and are taking an appointment in the Southern States. We give them our comradely blessing, and pray that they will have much joy in their new sphere.

Young Earl Habkirke is coming into fame. We see that his chorus—"Happy and glad and free"—recently published in our pages, is obtaining further usefulness per the "New York Cry."

## The Conquering Saviour Can Break Every Chain

By Commissioner J. Allister Smith

eighty employees. He was sent to the Adjutant in charge. I have seen him skilfully operating a six-furrow plough. Struck down one day by sunstroke, he was told that he would not recover. Calmly bidding his relatives farewell, imparting advice to all to be true to God and The Army, this comrade, who was Sergeant-Major of his Corps, uttered his last words. They were: "Wash me, and put on me my best uniform, for I am going to see Jesus."

Look at his beginning, naked at the Penitential-Form, and look at such a finish. Surely such work is worth while!

Look now at an Open-Air in Nairobi! At the conclusion, I had pressed instant decision on the crowd of natives who had listened so intently to the Gospel story. Soon the penitents quite surrounded the drum as they cried for Salvation. A second, a third, a fourth, a fifth were formed, till Heaven came on earth to the sixty-five who sought Salvation in that Open-Air service.

Then the saved become saviours. Our

Owing to Mrs. McCaughey's continued ill-health, and the medical fears about her ability to contend with the extremes of the Southland climate, the Adjutant and family have returned to this Territory. Mrs. McCaughey is under treatment in Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, while the Adjutant is taking temporary duty at Port Arthur.

We hear that our dear friend and comrade Mrs. Major Bob Smith, has been unable to attend any Meetings for the past two months. She is an ardent soldier at Victoria as far as her strength will allow, and we can well imagine that the Officers and Comrades there will give her a hearty welcome back when next she is able to take her place on the Citadel platform.

Major Oake is all aglow with the felicities of the Campaign at Brandon; he sings—"The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the wave."

Staff-Captain R. Clarke is digging in with the Winnipeg Drive; practices and purposes and pursuits galore. The special Campaign Headquarters at 323 Main Street is a hive of industry and faith.

We regret to hear, just as we go to press, that Captain Edna Jones, of the Winnipeg Grace Hospital, has undergone an operation for appendicitis, but equally glad to report that she is "quite comfortable and doing nicely." Another Grace Hospital comrade who has been off duty and on the sick list for some time is Captain Mary May, but she also is making good progress.

The final farewell of Ensign and Mrs. Talbot to Canada West is set for next Monday night at Winnipeg Citadel. Our comrades have been undertaking some intensive studies at the Garrison, and are now proceeding to London en route for their appointment as Training Officers in Nigeria, West Africa.

A college professor, being ferried across a stream, asked the boatman, "Do you understand philosophy?" "No, never heard of it." "Then one-quarter of your life is gone. Do you understand ecology?" "No." "Then one-half of your life is gone. Do you understand astronomy?" "No." "Then three-quarters of your life is gone." Presently the boat tipped over and both fell into the water. "Can you swim?" asked the boatman. "No." "Then the whole of your life is gone."

The Training Garrison authorities announce a special Historical Pageant and Tableaux for Tuesday next, the 8th inst., entitled "The Scottish Covenanters—Some Lessons for Salvationists of To-day." A good evening can be predicted.

funds without which much of this grand work could not be done. Let it be remembered, too, that The Army must needs evangelize the non-Christian lands

In a Chinese prison I called on some one to pray. One of the prisoners lifted his voice to God with such fervour that I looked at him. His clasped hands were in front of his shining face. I saw that manacles hung from his wrists, and chains were bound from his ankles to his waist. He was cruelly bound by man, but gloriously set free by God.

So the stories might be multiplied, but enough typical ones have been written to convince reasonable questioners that it is worth while to pull full weight in raising

## The Field Secretary

Campaigns in the Interests of Self-Denial

The Field Secretary, Brigadier Taylor, has, with characteristic energy during the past week or so, campaigned at a number of important centres in the interests of the Self-Denial Effort. The Brigadier's forceful and enlightening presentation of The Army's world-wide activities and the pressing needs involved, has been the means of stirring Officers and Comrades, as well as large audiences to a strenuous endeavour on behalf of the Fund.

At Moose Jaw, on Thursday night, the Brigadier launched the Self-Denial Campaign in the Citadel, the comrades being stimulated to a high pitch of enthusiasm, introduced to a large audience by Staff-Captain Tuttle, the Divisional Commander, the Brigadier gave a masterly and fascinating lecture on The Army's manifold activities, illustrated by dissolving lantern views. All hearts were wonderfully inspired and the gathering closed with a resolution of strong determination that the Effort must be carried to a victorious conclusion. Our best thanks are due to the Brigadier for his visit.

In the United Church at Maple Creek, the Brigadier again lectured to an appreciative audience. Many hearts were deeply moved by the marvellous zeal of our Missionary Officers toiling for God and souls in distant lands, and without a doubt great good was accomplished. Lieutenant Jones added to the enjoyment of the evening with a well-rendered solo "The Old Rugged Cross," and Staff-Captain Tuttle gave valuable assistance in operating the lantern.

Captain O'Donnell, the Commanding Officer of Maple Creek, is full of faith for the Effort and victory is assured.—H.T.

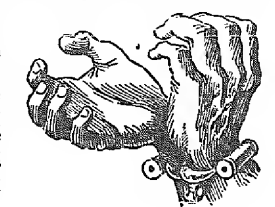
Medicine Hat Comrades were fortunate in having the Field Secretary conduct a Sunday Campaign. Great interest was evinced and the Brigadier's addresses were the means of great blessing and inspiration to the crowds which gathered in the Citadel. Two young people surrendered at the close of the Holiness Meeting which was a spiritual feast to our souls and at night a rousing Salvation battle took place. The Corps Officers, Captains Stevenson and Little, gave splendid assistance.

The comrades of Medicine Hat are all alive on the subject of Self-Denial and it will not be long we hope before our Target is smashed. Great interest was aroused on Saturday night by the appearance of a float showing various world-wide activities of The Army. The Band played, Juniors sang Indian choruses and the crowds listened to the talks given with close attention.—S.S.

Adjutant Fletcher, assisted by Lieutenant Erickson, from the Winnipeg Scandinavian Corps, is holding on a New Westminster. Having a good Self-Denial, we trust.

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funds without which much of this grand work could not be done. Let it be remembered, too, that The Army must needs evangelize the non-Christian lands



and help the helpless, for are not its marching orders very emphatic—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature?"

## THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in  
Canada West and Alaska

Founder **William Booth**  
General **Brannwell Booth**

International Headquarters  
London, England

Territorial Commander,  
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,  
317-319 Carlton St.,  
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be ad-  
dressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy.

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### General Order

Mothers' Day will be observed  
throughout the Territory on Sun-  
day, May 13th.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,  
Lt.-Commissioner.

### A Call to the Altar

There is a call which comes to  
every sincere follower of Jesus Christ,  
and certainly to every Salvationist;  
it is, that we shall follow in His  
steps. He said, "If any man will fol-  
low Me . . . let him deny himself,"  
and while we do not seek to place any  
mundane construction on those holy  
words, we do feel that they constitute  
a loud call to every individual com-  
rade of The Army.

We surely are departing very far  
from our first traditions if we make  
our giving to God, and our self-  
denying, only through the efforts of  
others. Some of us are very ener-  
getic in calling on others to do their  
part, thinking that our own small  
share is too small to be necessary;  
whereas, in fact, it constitutes the  
very essence of the scheme, both in  
the mind and heart of God Himself,  
and in the purposes of our Army  
Leaders.

An enthusiasm which only calls on  
others is worth nothing at all. We  
must have a zeal which puts ourselves  
into the forefront of the battle—giving  
ourselves. In doing so we not only  
bring a sense of joy and peace to  
our own hearts, but we encourage  
those who may be less able to under-  
stand the correct attitude of a fol-  
lower of Jesus Christ, and then,  
greatest joy of all, we know that  
those who gather around the Throne  
of His Salvation are the direct fruits  
of our own sowing and giving.

"I beseech you," said Paul the  
Apostle, "that ye prevent yourselves,"  
and surely that means all that we  
are, and all that we have.

Dear Saviour, I can never repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

### Motherhood

THE genius of motherhood is a natural  
endowment, but like all other innate  
gifts it is capable of improvement and  
evolution. Knowledge of a particular  
kind enlarges its application; that state  
of mind which we indicate by the word  
culture charges it with a new significance.

Educated mothers, indeed, are a neces-  
sity of civilization, since every new step  
which we take is begun in our nurseries.  
Women themselves have awakened to  
their need. They are turning eagerly to  
the sources of knowledge. As girls they  
show in many cases an astonishing dil-  
igence; as mothers their ideals are high.

It is well, indeed, it is more than well,  
that this is so, for the long drudgery of  
home life and the care of children, when  
means are not adequate, is thus changed  
from a sullen task to a brave adventure.

And here may we say how terribly short  
of a full accomplishment of the calling of  
motherhood does the woman fall who looks  
not ahead to those days when "her chil-  
dren shall rise up and call her blessed!"

(Cont. fol. Col. 4)



Thursday, December 2nd, 1926.—At  
Singapore. Weather very warm and  
humid. Some mosquito bites this morn-  
ing—result of our ride last night. But  
that will pass.

My waking thoughts laid hold of this  
in my reading:

Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens;  
and Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the  
clouds.  
Thy righteousness is like the great  
mountains; Thy judgments are a great  
deep.

What wealth of imagery! What breadth  
of outlook!

Cunningham (Commissioner) went to  
speak to the Chinese students here; had  
a good time. We resumed conferences on  
our work in these parts. Cables.

Resumed with Palstra (Lieut.-Commis-  
sioner) and continued conference on the  
Dutch Indies till 1.15. Very close review  
of our position. We are undoubtedly  
gaining ground with the Mohammedans  
—but not winning many. Celebes is the  
best field. I feel, however, that we are  
doing right to hold on to that section of  
the population.

Some time on cables. Our Code, alas!  
is not by any means perfect.

About 5 o'clock, in the midst of dicta-  
tion, Canon Green called to say that the  
Bishop of Singapore, my Chairman to-  
night, had fallen downstairs and will not  
be able to come!

### Far East Opportunities, but Men Wanted

His Excellency, Major-General Theodor  
Fraser, presided in place of the  
Bishop, and did his part very well. I  
Lectured—a mixture, with a good deal of  
personal religion—and seemed to make an  
impression. Subsequent speakers, im-  
portant men, including Hon. John Mit-  
chell. He and others asked me to open  
Army Work here. Mr. M. said: "We

## Extracts from The General's Journal

(Arranged by Lt.-Colonel H. L. Taylor)

(Continued from last week)

on our part, are ready to do our duty!"  
If only I had men, I would at once put a  
man down at Shanghai, Hong-Kong, and  
here.

Friday, 3rd.—Restless night. An imp  
of a mosquito (just one!) got inside my  
net and strove his utmost to eat me up!  
—Last night's effort looks pleasant this  
morning. Oh, these poor well-off people!

Dutch Consul General called. Very  
warm about the Leper Appeal. Several  
interviews, including Beaumont (Lieut.-  
Colonel), Chief Secretary here. He is  
returning home next March. Long talk  
concerning Japan and Java. Is in good  
spirits about the future.

With Smith, cleared up. We do seem  
to have a great many matters to deal  
with which are not great!

A good Press here, both native and  
English journals. Interesting talk to-  
day with Gilliland. He and Bernard have  
some charming photos.

Our boat, *Queen of the Netherlands*,  
will be sailing at 2 o'clock, but on our  
arrival put off till 4.30. She belongs to a  
Dutch Company, Lascar crew in part.

We are late, and this will interfere with  
our programme for Medan.  
A deep sense of gratitude for all my  
Father's mercy and care surrounds me.  
Reflecting on what I have experienced  
during this Campaign, I feel that the  
Gadies (Commissioner and Mrs.) have  
done a great work for Japan—that we  
have not only the immediate Salvation  
result of their toil and example to thank  
God for, but that we have a largeness of  
view and a generous sense of Divine  
nearness and power present in the country  
for which we may well praise Him.

**Hospital Enlargement Urgent**  
Saturday, 4th.—At sea. Small cabin  
and narrow bed notwithstanding, a fair  
night. Cooler towards the early hours.  
Read from 3 to 4.30 a.m.

Important talk with Wille (Dr. and  
Lieut.-Colonel). He feels that the Hospi-  
tal must be enlarged. 110 beds now, and  
sometimes there are up to 180 patients.

There must be something distinctive for  
children. Eye trouble with them is  
often more tractable than in adults. The  
Colonel has been out here nineteen years.  
At 10.30, met Officers of party. Talked  
about progress, etc. Read, and some  
prayer. We have now to give up every-

thing at Medan, where we had hoped to  
spend today, except the evening. Meeting  
and visiting the Leper Colony early  
tomorrow.

Several interviews. Palstra (Territo-  
rial Commander in Java), Stewart (Staff-  
Captain Christie) now in charge of the  
Maternity (chiefly) Hospital, which has  
fifty beds. This is the institution which  
the Government has granted sub-stantial  
help for extensions. Wish we could have  
a separate section for children.

Arrived at the port for Sumatra at  
7.40. Car to Medan immediately. Lec-  
ture to Europeans followed. Rather a  
disappointment. I was tired. Governor  
of the Province to see met very cordial,  
and enthusiastic about our Work for  
Lepers.

Monday, 6th.—At sea. Yesterday (Sun-  
day) one of the most intensely moving  
and deeply interesting days of my life.

### On a Leper Colony

After a short and disturbed night at  
the Hotel Medan, left at 8 o'clock for  
Padang. St. Thomas' Leper Colony  
situated on an island six miles by  
four, with a front of an arm of the sea.  
Years ago the island was given to a  
Committee for epier work, and is used by  
us at their request. We can receive here  
four hundred afflicted people. Of the  
present occupants, about forty are women  
and of the remainder fifty are Moham-  
medans.

Received on arrival on the Colony by  
Officers and employees; then by a gather-  
ing of all lepers. About 250 were able to  
attend. A sad, a lamentable, a terrible  
spectacle! Such disfigurement I never  
thought to witness. They sang a wel-  
come to me. And as they sang it was  
plain to see that many of them have a  
joy which earth cannot give or suffering  
take away.

Visited the various buildings, includ-  
ing that used as a Hospital. The Moham-  
medans organized a separate welcome—  
"LANG HIVE OUR GENERAL!"

Saw the treatment of wounds done on  
as usual. Much done by a Norwegian  
woman-Officer, most skilful and patient  
—but an awful business!

My heart went out to these Officers as  
never before. Visited the Quarters, and  
conducted a Meeting in the Hall in which  
some 250 people were present. Some of  
these were carried in on the backs of  
others—both women and men. All clean,  
many in the red jackets of Salvation  
Army Soldiers. Several of the Forecom-  
ing particularly alert. Some came to the  
Penitent-Form—"to give up!" to out-  
ress—to seek God—to be made willing  
to submit to His hand upon them. The  
Major in charge and a Swedish woman-  
Officer led them in prayer. All seemed  
earnest and sincere.

**Evil Habits Disappear**  
The interior life of the Colony very  
good just now. When the poor things  
first come they often want *business*—  
gambling, opium, and other evil things—  
but this has disappeared. Seven ran  
away from the Colony during the last  
year. Of these five returned within the  
year; the other two died outside.

Some individual cases deeply inter-  
esting. Disfigurement is a trial to all, though  
many improve in that matter. The com-  
pletely helpless are not a large proportion.  
The Officers in charge (Major and Mrs.  
Scheffer) have been here four years. They  
attended to me by Colonel van der Meer  
(previous Commander, Dutch East Indies  
before I left London. They must have  
help!

(To be continued)

or otherwise. We who have been blessed  
with good mothers can scarcely enter into  
the feelings of those men and boys whose  
mothers were a curse to them. These  
memory is often a horror.

And there is, we think, only duty by  
which any woman can attain to that  
high rank; it is by the Way of God's  
Help—a path which is open to all of  
us, we know, but which was surely  
first for the mothers of the world.

## THE CHIEF SECRETARY Colonel Miller Undergoes S Operation

The Commissioner has rec-  
eived from Vancouver which  
that the moral trouble from  
Chief Secretary has been suf-  
fering the past few weeks is of a mor-  
tality than it was previously  
to be.

Acting upon the very splen-  
dour which has been at his disposal  
part of the medical staff of Grace  
Vancouver, where he has been in  
since his arrival at the Coast, the  
submitted to an operation on  
and were indeed happy to say  
report indicates a successful tre-

The Colonel's condition is re-  
gionally, but we feel sure  
Officers and Comrades will con-  
gratulate him for physical and spiritual  
him also for Mrs. Miller and Mi-  
both of whom are with him.

It is a happy coincidence that  
Miller is now a member of the  
staff at Vancouver, and so able  
assistance to Lt.-Colonel Payne  
services, which one knows she  
excellently render.

**VISCOUNTESS WILLING-  
dony Official Visit to Van-  
Grace Hospital**

One of those gracious acts  
so fast endearing their Excellency  
Governor-General and Viscountess  
lingland, to the loyal people of the  
ian, was performed on Monday  
when Lady Willingdon and her  
staff paid an official visit to V.  
Grace Hospital.

It is very pleasing to Sal-  
vationists throughout the country to have  
deep personal interest which His  
representatives take in the work  
Army, and to realise that such  
is born of close contact with us in  
other lands.

This fact gives to their latest  
interest a very intimate touch,  
put on record our appreciation of  
that our youngest "Daughter of  
has been signalled out for a visit.

It may readily be imagined  
Excellency's kinness would be  
sponsored by Lt.-Colonel Payne  
working so hard to place the  
line with the sister institution  
Dominion; a work in which s  
only locally supported by her  
staff of Officers and Nurses.

medical men who have rallied to  
to which is now coming the  
high reputation for devoted ser-  
vice the Hospital has attained through  
Providence of British Columbia.

That this work and reputation  
encouraged and enhanced  
Willingdon's warmly worded  
there is not the slightest doubt.

**STAFF-CAPTAIN WYCLIFFE  
conducts funeral of  
BRIGADIER FRED CO**

It was singularly choice that  
Captain Wycliffe Booth should  
the funeral of the late Brigadier  
whose promotion we announce  
last.

The Brigadier was such a lo-  
cal and servant of our Founder  
army, and seemed so very f  
when we know that the Star  
was depending to a suggesti-  
years ago by the Brigadier, it  
even more intimate.

The General sent a messa-  
ge, which was fully appr-  
the funeral services which on  
rendered to the Founder and

**BREAD ON THE WAT**  
At recent Campaign on  
the British Commissioner,  
slowly, at the "Broke  
rains" Corps—Norfolk C-  
call—upon Lt.-Colonel  
give testimony in Fre-  
he died with great fervour a  
although, so far as was l  
one in the audience under-  
stood it. At the close of the  
evening, a French-Swiss can-  
Mersey-Sent. She knew re-  
and had been led to surren-  
witness borne in her own

## The Altar Service—An Appeal

By PAUL OF TAISUS

IT is quite superfluous for me to be writing to you about this chari-  
table service to the saints; I know how willing you are—I am proud  
of it, I have boasted of you to the Macedonians: "Achaia," I tell them,  
"was all ready last year." And your zeal has been a stimulus to the  
majority of them.

At the same time I am seeding these brothers just in case my  
pride in you should prove an empty boast in this particular instance;  
I want you to be "all ready," as I have been telling them that you  
would be, in case any Macedonians accompany me and find you  
are not ready—which would make me (not to speak of yourselves)  
ashamed of having been so sure.

That is why I have thought it necessary to ask these brothers  
to go on in advance and get your promised contribution ready in  
good time. I want it to be forthcoming as a generous gift, not as money  
wrung out of you. Mark this, he who sows sparingly will reap  
sparingly, and he who sows generously will reap a generous harvest.

Everyone is to give what he has made up his mind to give;  
there is to be no grudging or compulsion about it, for God loves the  
giver who gives cheerfully. God is able to bless you with ample means,  
so that you may always have quite enough for any emergency of your  
own and ample besides for any kind act to others; as it is written,  
He scatters His gifts to the poor broadcast, His charity lasts for ever.

He who furnishes the sower with seed and with bread to eat will  
supply seed for you and multiply it; He will increase the crop of  
your charities—you will be enriched on all hands, so that you can be  
generous on all occasions, and your generosity of which I am the  
agent, will make men give thanks to God; for the service rendered  
by this fund does more than supply the wants of the saints—it  
overflows with many a cry of thanks to God.

This service shows what you are, it makes men praise God for  
the way you have come under the Gospel of Christ which you confess,  
and for the generosity of your contributions to themselves and to  
all; they are drawn to you, and pray for you, an account of the  
surpassing grace which God has shown to you. Thanks be to God  
for his unspeakable gift!—2 Corinthians ix. (Moffatt's Translation.)

otherwise. We who have been blessed  
with good mothers can scarcely enter into  
the feelings of those men and boys whose  
mothers were a curse to them. These  
memory is often a horror.

And there is, we think, only duty by  
which any woman can attain to that  
high rank; it is by the Way of God's  
Help—a path which is open to all of  
us, we know, but which was surely  
first for the mothers of the world.





## On Some Song Amendments

SOME folks are great hands at altering and trying to improve what they cannot create. We suppose it is all right, but are not quite sure about it; we have a feeling that, if good old Charles Wesley came to earth again, and saw the "improvements" which have been made in some of his hymns, he would be glad to hurry back to Heaven, where they sing an entirely "new song."

We notice in our own Army Song Book there has been followed an alteration made by somebody, in the old, old anthem—"All people that on earth do dwell," and instead of serving the Lord "with mirth," as Isaac Watts enjoined the people of his day, and as the Psalmist also said, we are to serve Him "with fear." Why should we be fearful when we are meant to be glad?

One man writes, "Not a fragment," and another renders it "Not a portion"; suggesting that the original figure is too much like a piece from a rock, whereas, to others, the altered figure sounds very much like—well—like another "portion" in a restaurant. What do you think about it?

When the promised new Army Song Book comes into being it might contain, although I doubt it, that popular song about counting one's blessings, and it might, with some advantage, include a new version of that chorus, which, as I have just read, an American contemporary suggests we should paste into our Bibles and read aloud every morning "Count your obligations."

Name them one by one, And it will surprise you,  
What the Lord wants done.  
Like a good many other amendments the revised version will not fit the original tune, but the thought is not bad, and so we pass it along.

## The American Self-Denial

FOLLOWING hard on the heels of the magnificent British Self-Denial triumph came news of the victory by our Eastern Forces in the United States. The latest New York "War Cry" is jubilant over the fine success of the 1928 Effort, a total of \$112,010.98 being recorded; this being at least \$6,000 in advance of the Territorial Target.

We now confidently await similar news from the other American Territories, for surely in this matter the flowing tide of God's mercy is with us.

Our Canada East comrades, together with ourselves, will be inspired by these results across the Line. We hear whispers of the splendid possibilities down East; and out here in the West, with those splendid wide spaces which are our great boast, we are putting on a push such as will bring us in line with these other splendid victories.

## Empire Day Celebrations

A splendid programme of Empire Day Guard and Scout activities is under weigh for the Troops of the Manitoba Division—with, of course, the Sunbeams and Chums well to the fore. Staff-Captain Steele and Ensign Miriam Houghton and Regimental Leader Stevens have been giving the matter their enthusiastic consideration, and a great time can be confidently anticipated.

The Commissioner will review the forces and take the Salute in Assiniboine Park at 2 p.m.; this is the main feature of the day, but, needless to say, there will be much else of interest on the programme.

## Mother

Somebody has said, and said well, that the lynch-pin of the home is the mother. Under that humble metaphor the Queen of the Household is disguised. The lack of her sweet, sustaining power would be characterised to day, I suppose, as "a defect in the axle." But it means the same.

"What is home without a mother?" It is not home, and that is simple truth and the only satisfactory answer. No the home and home are synonymous terms. What a terrific responsibility rests upon the home-makers of this country.



## Let Us Sing Together!



Tune: "My Faith Looks up to Thee"

Sound, sound the truth abroad,  
Bear ye the Word of God  
Through the wide world;  
Tell what the Lord has done,  
Tell how the day is won,  
And from His lofty throne  
Satan is hurled.

Far over sea and land,  
'Tis our Lord's own command,  
Bear ye His name:  
Bear it to every shore.  
Regions unknown explore,  
Enter at every door—  
Silence is shame.

Speed on the wings of love;  
Jesus, who reigns above,  
Bids us to fly:  
They who His message hear,  
Should neither doubt nor fear;  
He will their Friend appear,  
He will be nigh.

Ye who, forsaking all,  
At your loves Master's call,  
Comforts resign:  
Soon will the work be done,  
Soon will the prize be won;  
Brighter than yonder sun  
Then shall ye shine.

Tune: "A Never Failing Friend"

The promises are true,  
The promises are true,  
The promises of God's own Word are  
The promises of God's own Word are  
If only you'll believe,  
You shall His power receive;  
For all the promises of God are surely,  
surely true.

Tune: "Count Your Blessings"

Get the sunlight in your heart today;  
God's own sunlight in your heart today,  
Open wide the window,  
Open wide the door,  
Get the sunlight in your heart for  
ever more.

Tune: "He Lives"

I'm more than conqueror 'thru' His Blood,  
I rest beneath the shield of God;  
For Jesus saves me now.  
I go a kingdom to obtain,  
I shall thro' Him the victory gain.  
For Jesus saves me now.

Before the battle lines are spread,  
Before the boasting foe is dead,  
My Jesus saves me now.  
I win the fight, tho' not begun.  
I'll trust and shout, still marching on.  
That Jesus saves me now.

I ask no more that I may see—  
His promise is enough for me—  
'Tis Jesus saves me now.  
Though foes be strong and walls be high,  
I'll shout He gives the victory,  
My Jesus saves me now.

Why should I ask a sign from God?  
Can I not trust the precious Blood?  
For Jesus saves me now.  
Strong in His word, I meet the foe,  
And, shouting, win without a blow.  
My Jesus saves me now.

(For another version of this song see S.A. Song Book 608.)

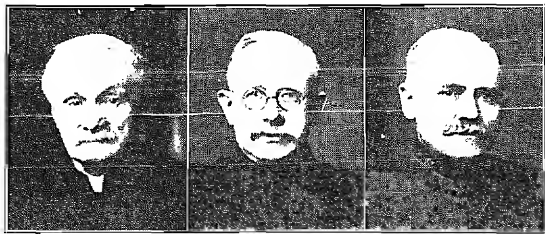
Tune: "That Means Me"

Happy day. Happy day.  
Now the burden of my heart has rolled away.  
There's glory in my soul  
Just like the billows' roll,  
Because the burden of my heart has  
rolled away.

Tune: "He Brought Me out of Darkness"

Oh, sound the proclamation far and wide—  
Whosoever will may come.  
There's refuge in the Saviour's wounded  
side,  
Whosoever will may come.

## A SALUTE AND A TRIBUTE



A trio of worthy warriors, Sergt-Major Williams, Treasurer Fowler and Secretary Anderson of the Winnipeg Citadel Corps.

QUITE recently three noble, loyal Salvationists, who, for many years, have aided faithfully in directing the destinies of the Winnipeg Citadel Corps, retired from active membership on the Census Board, and received honorary commissions which they will, we hope, long continue to merit.

Of our three worthy comrades, what have we to say? What has been accomplished? "On that bright and cloudless morning," we shall know, and only then. Their memories will continue to be fragrant in the years to come.

Possibly one of the best-known Salvationists in the Territory, Honorary Sergeant-Major Ben Williams, "the old man in the red coat," as he is known by the man on the street, will not soon be forgotten. His sterling worth has been the mainstay of many Commanding Officers during his fifteen years of Sergeant-Majorship.

Added to this our comrade served in the Old Land as an Officer.

We should not fail to mention, however, the fact that Mrs. Williams—for so long an invalid, and to whom her husband has given faithful attention—shares in our tribute.

Corps Secretary Anderson, whose Army history reaches way back to the early days of the Corps, has rendered steady and efficient service in his own particular branch of work. Brother Anderson acknowledges Norway as the land of his birth, but came to Canada when a lad. Our comrade is what is often termed "a plodder," seldom in the limelight, but always on the job. We can pay no better tribute to him.

And the same can be said of Treasurer Fowler, who was born "south of the line." Besides holding his position for twenty-eight years, Bandsman Fowler is the one remaining link we have left of the old-time original Citadel Band. His Bandmanship commenced away back in the early nineties, before even the writer saw the light of day, and when one stops to consider the hours of service, mileage covered, thousands of dollars of the Lord's money handled, and the unblemished record he possesses, we gladly salute him with our other comrades. Brother Fowler, it is of interest to note, started on the lowest rung of the ladder in his place of business, and like Secretary Anderson, now holds a position of responsibility and trust.—J.R.W.

## The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



Dear Mr. Editor:

Didn't I just feel bad last week when I had your message and found that dear old Dorcas had let you down. But, you know, you were quite wrong in supposing it was deliberately done; she would have stood up to the job if she could have done so, but there are limits to everybody's strength. Poor old girl, you couldn't really expect her to be about all day at her house-work, then busting off to her district for Self-Denial, and after that sitting down to write your notes.

I imagine you'll say that the fault is mine for going away and leaving her to do the work. Well, I suppose that is so, but you don't think, do you, that I was going to miss the opportunity of doing some specialising, where I am appreciated, just to stay at home and write a few stuffy old notes for the "Cry"? Isn't in human nature, Mr. Editor, and you know it.

Oh, but isn't the scenery in the Crows' Nest just magnificent. And can't those youngsters sing—and your choruses and all. And the mountains and the hills, and the climbs up, and the miles—and the way Captain Hind gets over the ground; no wonder he can send in some increases. I'm going around to a few more of my special Increases, and I'll give you some of their biographical sketches, if you will condescend to use them. Here's the poetry I promised you in my telegram:

Mountain on mountain and hill upon hill,  
Upward we're climbing and then upward still.

Rising and rising all, all the while,  
Doing our best for this Self-Denial.  
Doing our best, and then doing more,  
Pulling out envelopes by the score,  
Fully determined whatever may come,  
Nothing at all shall be left undone.

Sometimes it's snowing,  
Sometimes it's raining,  
Sometimes it's raining,  
But we're not complaining,  
Sometimes the weather is wretchedly misty,  
Sometimes the road is abominably twisty,  
Sometimes it's sunny,  
And then we just feel fine;  
But we'd have you know  
As onward we go,  
With never a frown,  
Or a groan,  
Or a moan.

That whenever we are and wherever we're not,  
The Self-Denial fever is getting us hot,  
And that is about all the rhymes I can find for  
one day, and so I must ask you to excuse  
me, for there is another call I must make,  
and so I'll go after it at once, immediately.  
In case it's forgot,  
And I think that's the lot.

There, Mr. Editor, that really is poetry in spite of anything you or Captain Stratton, or Adjutant Mundy, or Bandsman Pennick may say to the contrary.

Well, now, isn't it just all right? I've got your message to say that Mr. Fowler goes up another ten copies—how a little and there a little, means that we are pushing up the circulation. Will you please send a line of thanks to "William" of that Corps.

Thanks, too, for saying you were going up Dorcas during my absence; it will do her good.

Yours out on the war-path,

Daniel Domore, Editor

More often than not we feel like the ladie who used to say;  
"There really is no more to say—  
Than this, by night, as well as day—  
Thank God!"



## Our Occasional Talk

### The Seventeen Ingrates

We recently had occasion to attend a public meeting at which some reference was made to the Great War services of The Salvation Army. The speaker, for purposes of his own, was anxiously careful to belittle those services; a point about which we are not greatly concerned. We were, however, reminded of the following story:

The North-Western University at Evanston, in Illinois, had for many years a volunteer life-saving crew among its students, which became famous. On the eighth of September, 1860, the Lady Ellen, a crowded passenger steamer, foundered off the shore of Lake Michigan, just above Evanston.

A Delirium of Exhaustion  
One of the students gathered on the shore, Edward W. Spencer, saw a woman clinging to some wreckage far out in the breakers. He threw off his coat and swam out through the heavy waves, succeeding in getting her back to the land in safety. Sixteen times during that day did young Spencer brave the fierce waves, rescuing seventeen persons. Then while tossing in delirium that night he cried over and over to his brother, "Did I do my best? Oh, I am afraid I did not do my best." When his brother tried to quiet him by saying, "You saved seventeen lives," he would reply, "Oh, if only I could have saved one more!"

Unable to Enter His Chosen Work  
Ted Spencer slowly recovered from the exposure and exhaustion of that day, but never completely. With broken health he lived quietly, unable to enter upon his chosen life-work of the ministry, but exemplifying the teachings of Jesus in his secluded life. He died not long ago in California, aged eighty-one.

Mr. Spencer, asked if it were true that none of the seventeen rescued persons ever came to thank him, replied that it was and added that the general confusion, the exhaustion of the rescued as well as of the sower, were probably responsible. "My husband always took this view, and never manifested any feeling of resentment and I am sure he felt none. He did his best with no thought of reward or appreciation."

Yes, but those seventeen—words fail us!

### Things Essential

It is told of Paganini, the great violin master, that he travelled far and wide in search for wood with music in it. And the many things that were essential to this rare quality, two may be mentioned. It was necessary that there should have been regular and steady growth in the trees, so that the rings in the wood succeeded one another with perfect symmetry. One sunless summer could spoil a forest so far as the music was concerned.

But that was not all. If the right tree were found, it was only that portion which faced South that could be used, for it was the wood which drank in the sunshine that received the priceless gift. Which things are a parable!



May 12, 1928

May 12, 1928

THE WAR CRY

9

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Putting our envelopes by the score,  
Fully determined winners may come,  
Nothing, at all shall be left undone.  
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Sometimes it blows,  
Sometimes it rains,  
But we're not complaining,  
For the weather is wretchedly misty,  
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But we've have you know  
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Thanks, too, for saying you were bringing Dorcas during my absence; I'll do for good.

Yours out on the war-path,  
Daniel Domore, Envo.

More often than not we feel that the little who used to say:  
"There really is no more to say,  
than this, by night, as well as day—  
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## "He Would Not Enter A Church" But there was The Salvation Army

### Our Occasional Talk

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But that was not all. If the right tree were found, it was only that portion which faced South that could be used, for it was the wood which drank in the sunshine that received the priceless gift. Which things are a parable!

THE bells of old St. Paul's, Halifax, pealed forth the cordial invitation, "Come in, come in!" The ushers of the church were unusually busy finding seats for the congregation.

Kings, princes and noble statesmen have upon State occasions occupied the seat of honor in this old historic church of Nova Scotia. But it was no such event that had induced the numbers for that mid-week service. It was to hear a prominent Keswick evangelist from across the ocean.

All eyes were turned towards the chance when the vestry door opened, and a solemn procession of gowned dignitaries marched forth to the deep mellow chords of the great organ.

#### A Winning Face and Manner

The preacher mounted the brass stairs which led to a high, outstanding pulpit. He was strikingly tall, and possessed a winning face and manner endued with deep spiritual power. He told the following incident in the course of his memorable address on prayer:

"Some years ago I knew a young man, of strong physique, splendid intellect, a college graduate and a general favorite. The talents he possessed promised a life of great power and usefulness—until falling into wrong company, and losing

his will power, he became the victim of the wine cup.

"Feeling keenly the disgrace he was likely to bring upon his family, he took ship for Australia. 'I'll begin afresh in a new land,' he told himself. But sadly he had to learn a new land and new company can never produce a new nature."

#### The Burden of a Soul

"Some months later, when we had lost trace of this young man," said the preacher impressively, "I tossed upon a sleepless bed feeling the terrible burden of that young man's lost soul! I seemed to see him entering the gates of Hell, forever doomed! I knew he had gone so far astray he would never enter a church—until there was The Salvation Army. The thought of The Salvation Army so possessed me that I arose from my bed, and, falling upon my knees, I cried: 'O God, for Christ's dear sake, direct his steps into The Salvation Army.' I remained upon my knees, pleading this one petition until God gave me the assurance my prayer was answered."

Far away in Australia a young man stands irresolutely at a street corner. Pale, thin, emaciated, his hands trembling, his eyes filled with remorse and misery. He has tried so hard and failed! He has struggled, and—yes, prayed for

victory over sin, but the heavens above seemed turned into brass. Only a short street, and then the silent, dark harbour. That is the only way to end this fiendish burning thirst. There was no one in this new land to care, and the people in the Old Country would never know. He draws near to the end of the narrow street. An evil hand seems to be beckoning him to hasten on and hide the failure of a ruined life under that silent water.

But suddenly, as he passes an unprepossessing building, he is arrested by loud, cheerful music of a Band playing a familiar hymn.

#### Hastening to His Doom

How exhilarating and hopeful that music sounds—floating out from the open windows and down the old, ugly wooden stairway which leads up to The Salvation Army Hall. The young man, hastening to his doom, comes to a sudden halt! An unseen Power surrounds him—an unseen hand leads him to the threshold of that building where the band pounds forth its soul-saving harmony—"Jesus saves, Jesus saves!"

The hand that leads him on and up is a hand with a wound print—but the young man knows it not.

He stumbles up the well-worn steps and enters the Hall, where he is greeted with such warmth and cheer he feels a faint flutter in his dead soul. He tries to tell an Officer his case is hopeless! But before he is half through the recital he finds himself at the Penitential Form, sobbing out his gratitude for the glad assurance that "Jesus saves, Jesus saves!"

The Good Shepherd has found His sheep that went astray, and was lost. He has entered the door of the heart open to receive him, and the young man rises to his feet possessing "the life that wins."

No need now to cry and struggle for victory, when the Victor takes full possession.

The soul thus released can only cry "Thanks be to God, who giveth us victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

#### They Met in England

Some months later the two men of this story met in England. Comparing the distance in time between England and Australia, they discovered it to have been the exact hour when the Rev. G. arose from his bed to pray that might be led into The Salvation Army, that young man was on his way to end his life.

For many years since, these two men, chosen of God, were powerful preachers of the saving power of Jesus Christ on the Cross of Calvary. Not only in the Old Country, but wherever they went they were called to hold missions for the deepening of spiritual life, and they gladly responded to the call.

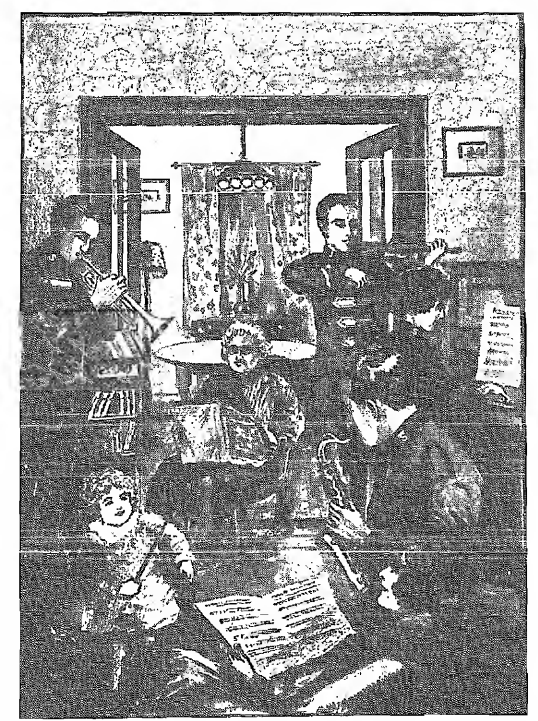
Yes, we are always wondering, wondering how, because we do not see someone, unknown, perhaps, and far away, on bended knee.

—From "You and I."

#### Too Much Noise

SOMEbody has been telling me—I will not say who—that at a certain point on one of the Great Lakes the steamers vie with each other in making a noise as they come in, to attract customers. One of them made a terrific row that drowned all the others, but it was discovered that it had to turn the steam off the engine when it was turned through the syren.

My friend having heard this demonstration, quietly remarked to a bystander that it was just so in life; "if a man is busy blowing his own trumpet he has no breath left for Jesus Christ."



"And, dearest Mother, I wonder if you will ever realise how often I have thought of those jolly evenings when you would sit making a pretence of reading the 'Cry' but all the time enjoying the cheerful halibut-broth the rest of us were making. The memory of those evenings has helped me many a time, and kept me true to God and The Army."





By CAPTAIN MARGARET STRATTON

"Whist, lassie, yer faither 'ull  
never let ye gang."

Dressed in the rough garb adopted by the girls and women of those parts, Christine would often be seen picking her way, clad in plaid shawl and with bare feet, along the beach to watch for signs of her father's boat, and eagerly would share in the excitement caused by the landing of the "catch."

### A Scottish Sabbath

The little village boasted a Kirk of its own, and the Graham's, were amongst its

The little village boasted a Kirk of its own and the Grahams were amongst its

great days, although even thought in wearing the same clothes on Sundays as they did weekdays; it would be a sacrilege. Sunday was a day very distinct and separate from all other days, and even though the children had to learn psalms and hymns between services they enjoyed the peaceful quiet of the day. Christine especially loved the worship in the kirk and used to sing the psalms with all the fervor and strength of her young heart.

Sunday was a day very distinct and separate from all other days, and even though the children had to learn psalms and hymns between services they enjoyed the peaceful quiet of the day. Christine especially loved the worship in the kirk and used to sing the psalms with all the fervor and strength of her young heart.

little Christine felt strangely drawn to the sweet-faced women who sang on the street corners, and spoke so familiarly about Jesus. She sensed a sort of kinship between them and herself, and wished so much that she could know them. Her father, however, had taken a dislike to the "blubbery" snobs of the church.

chum, Joan, went to the Meetings. Her father had been a heavy drinker, but he had been "saved" at The Army, and now both he and his wife were numbered among the Soldiers of the little Corps. Joan herself was an ardent little Salvationist, and all her talk centred around The Army and the Officers, which only made Christine all the more anxious to go and hear for herself.

easily persuade her mother to let her go with her to the Meetings. It all worked out as planned, and one night Christine prepared for the Meeting with eager anticipation in her heart for she knew not what joy that her desire was granted and though she was going to see and hear those preachers. That night proved to be a red-hot night in her experience. Although only ten years of age the Holy Spirit made eternal things so real to her, that it was with the gladness of relief that she gave her heart to the Saviour.

"But he wull, mother," said Christine; "I'm sure he wull when he kens that I found Jesus there."

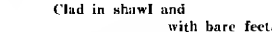
But Mrs. Graham shook her head cannily, she knew how stubborn her guid man could be when he liked, and she knew how determined he was that none of his should be associated with that low crowd, as he called the Salvationists.

"Weel, lassie, we'll wait an' see," she

Figure 2.11.1: A screenshot of a web browser displaying a search results page. The page title is "Search Results". The search bar contains the text "Search". The results are displayed in a table with columns: "Rank", "Title", "URL", and "Snippet". The first result is "1. Search Results" with a URL of "http://www.example.com/search.html" and a snippet of "Search Results". The second result is "2. Search Results" with a URL of "http://www.example.com/search.html" and a snippet of "Search Results". The third result is "3. Search Results" with a URL of "http://www.example.com/search.html" and a snippet of "Search Results". The fourth result is "4. Search Results" with a URL of "http://www.example.com/search.html" and a snippet of "Search Results". The fifth result is "5. Search Results" with a URL of "http://www.example.com/search.html" and a snippet of "Search Results".

TYPE: "I think when I read that sweet story of old"

"J." along Portage, past your new College, when who should get on the car but 'His Nabs,' a Cadet in The Army! Lor', how do you do it?"



ings. Christine accepted the decision quietly and went off to school. Her heart was heavy, for in those few weeks she had learned to love The Army Meeting dearly, and she felt that she couldn't give them up. Whatever could she do? Joan tried to comfort her little chum, and at recess they united in prayer that God would, in a special way, soften the heart of her father.

One day, to Christine's great joy, the Officers called at the Graham's home. They easily won Mrs. Graham's interest.

## HOW DO YOU DO IT?

"But that's not the end of the story. The other day I was on my car coming along Portage, past your new College, when who should get on the car but 'His Nabs,' a Cadet in The Army! Lor', how do you do it?"

As one whom his  
mother comforteth

# THE WAR CRY

So, says God, will  
I comfort you

Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1928

No. 18

## We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, aid, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address: **ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.** "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

1914—John Lettis (for his children) formerly lived at Long Buckley, England; came to Canada in the seventies. Understood he had five children. Small legacy to be paid to Mr. Lettis or children.

1940—J. J. Harnden. Mother of the above named anxious to locate. Was for a time at Nichol Valley, B.C., also Merril, B.C.

1940—Wm. Samuel H. Hearnden—About 40 years of age, height 5 ft. 6 in., black hair, brown eyes, sallow complexion, farmer, missing ten years. Wife anxious for news.

1970—Joseph Stewart. Age 25, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 130 lbs., dark hair, brown eyes, light complexion, farm hand, missing two years, last heard of at Burdette, Alaska, also Unley, Sask. Mother very worried.

1952—Robert Beakley. Age 19, height 5 ft. 9 in., weight 150 lbs., dark brown hair, grey eyes, dark complexion, native of Ireland. Mother anxiously enquires.

1908—Alexander Kuzmoff Khlon or Khlon. Native of Teshoboff, Russia. Emigrated to Canada in 1913. Enlisted in the 144th Iron Reserve Battalion which was a Winnipeg Battalion composed of Russians, served in Great War. Wife and children long for news.

1920—Sigfred Fahlen. Age 18, height 5 ft., weight 130 lbs., dark brown hair, Swedish, occupation, laborer. Missing since Aug. 21st, 1927, white hairless spot on head, right wrist crippled. Mother very worried.

1957—Anders Olsson. Swedish, age 61, heavy build, brown hair, blue eyes, missing since 1903, wanted because of an inheritance.

1939—Mrs. Ida Wood. At one time lived in Orillia, Ont. Went to Winnipeg with her son Percy. About 1910 he was transferred to the Children's Aid. Boy would like to get in touch with her.

1900—Nils Albert Svensson. Swedish, age 47, average height, dark hair, blue grey eyes, missing since March 1926, farmer. Brother enquires, father now dead and there is money left the boys to be divided.

1927—Ward—Ward. Anyone by the above name who has a missing son of the name of G. V. P. Gordon or William, or a son who was reported missing or killed overseas, may hear surprising news by communicating with Mrs. Monte Ward, 1051 126th St., Edmonton, Alta.

1965—Tom Murray. Age 30, height 5 ft. 4 in., light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, Scotch, blacksmith. Brother enquires.

1956—Hans Peter Hansen. Danish, age 35, medium height, brown hair and eyes, was working in saw mills. Cousin enquires.

1983—Steen W. Salomon. Wanted in case of inheritance, thought to be in Vancouver.

1962—John Hampden Turnbull. Age 38, height 5 ft. 9 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, dark complexion. Owing to an accident lost use of left arm. Was a soldier in Canadian Army. Father, the Rev. Archibald Turnbull of Edinburgh has recently died and sister is anxious to let brother know.

1974—Herbert Kinead. Age 35, height 5 ft. 6 in., black hair, hazel eyes, was shunter on railway at Belfast, Ireland. Thought to be in Vancouver.

1979—William Carlson. Age 38, single, red hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, farm laborer, British, last known address Brandon. Brother is the enquirer.

2002—Thomas George Hopper. When last heard of was living at Glacier, B.C., age 49, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, very dark eyes, born near Paisley, Ont. Sister enquires.

1948—Harry Davies. Age 53, height 5 ft. 5 in., medium brown hair, inclined to be bald on top. Last heard from at Jasper, Alta. Brother anxiously enquires.

1942—John Richardson. Age 45, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native of Scotland. Served in Great War. Brother anxious to locate.

1961—Dennis Russell Jennings. Tall slender man, blue eyes, high cheek bones, age 52, last heard from about four years ago in Alaska. Brother anxious to locate.

1870—Knut Berger. One time was workman at Willow Bunch. Sister desires to locate.

1929—Arthur Kirk. Age 24, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair hair and complexion, engaged on land, left England under care of Dr. Barnardo when ten. Mother enquires, anxious for him to return home.

1924—Samuel Hay. Age 50, medium height, black hair, fair complexion, engaged in cycle trade native of Exmouth, England. Would there was a Salvationist and worked in B.S.A. Cycle Works, Redditch. Came back to Canada in 1933. Sister enquires.

1951—Richard Rogers. Age 50, height 5 ft. 10 in., very fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, farmer, native of Warrington, England. Sister anxious for news.

## Coming Events

THE FIELD SECRETARY (Branch of the Salvation Army): Lethbridge, Thursday, May 10th; High River, Friday, May 11th; Drumheller, Saturday, May 12th; Calgary, Monday, May 13th; Banff, Tuesday, May 14th; Wainwright, Wednesday, May 15th; Edmonton, Thursday, May 16th.

1941—John Wilson. Age 32, height 5 ft. 9 in., weight 160 lbs., black hair, grey eyes, Scotch Canadian, sideway, occupation real estate, missing 20 years. Brother desires to locate.

1907—Peter Larsen. Age 31, medium height, blonde hair, blue eyes, was for some time around Alberta, born in Denmark. Grandfather missing 20 years. Brother desires to locate.

1925—Karl Olaf Field Olsen. Age 19, tall, blonde hair, blue eyes, last heard from in 1925, father very anxious to get in touch with him.

1959—Knut E. Bonelli. Norwegian, age 40, height about 5 ft. 9 in., light hair, blue eyes, 40 years ago reported to be at Seattle, Washington, lumber camp. Brother Neil, Hagley, Sask. wishes to hear from him.

1951—John Kirkpatrick. Last heard from in 1912, was then at Cody, Wyo., had string of horse losses. Mother very ill. John is professor of school. Father died a few years ago. Belonged to Western of the World Lodge. Cousin, Mrs. Mattie Williams wishes to locate.

1982—Adolph H. Lansen. Danish, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes, Clerk, wanted because of inheritance.

1914—Carl Oscar Andersson. Born in Jarvis, Sweden, age 42, tall, dark, always neat and proper. Wife has recently died and four children want to get in touch with their father. Brother making the enquiry, parents also anxious.

1930—Karl Arvid Mattson. Swedish, age 64, medium height, blue eyes, missing since 1919. Has been sailor also worked in mines. Sister anxiously enquires.

1915—Robert Walker. Age 34, height 5 ft. 9 in., slim build, fresh complexion, grey eyes, has mole on nose and scar under the eye on left cheek. Motor engineer by trade, also has knowledge of electrical work in a free power, missing since June 1912. Wife and children in Scotland extremely anxious to locate him.

1915—Jacob Aksel Pedersen. Danish, age 32, last heard from in 1917. Was working as shepherd for farmer by name of Henry, address unknown. Medium height, fair hair and blue eyes. Father long for news.

1993—Knut Johnson, or Kid Johnson. May go by name of Tellogg, Norwegian, age 45, height 5 ft. 10 in., worked in lumber camps in Saskatchewan. Sister anxiously enquires.

1922—Alfred Rogers. Age 47, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native of Warrington, England, thought to be working in the iron and steel trade in Vancouver. Sister enquires.

2001—Philip or Patrick McBride. The mother of this man is anxious to locate him. He is thought to be in Alaska. He is 5 ft. 10 in., dark complexion, gold rimmed glasses, visited his home in New England State about 30 years ago, then he went back to Alaska.

## THE STORY OF THE FATHER



Keystone Photo, New York.

The Pharisees and the scribes complained, "He welcomes sinners and eats along with them." So Jesus told them this story.

"There was a man who had two sons and the younger said to his father, 'Father, give me the share of the property that falls to me.' So he divided his means among them. Not many days later, the younger son sold off everything and went abroad to a distant land where he squandered his means in loose living.

"After he had spent his all, a severe famine set in throughout that land and he began to feel in want: so he went, and attached himself to a citizen of that land who sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he was fain to fill his belly with the pods the swine were eating: no one gave him anything.

"But when he came to his senses he said, 'How many hired men of my father have more than enough to eat, and here am I perishing of hunger. I will be up and off to my father, and I will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you; I don't deserve to be called your son any more: only make me like one of your hired men.'

"So he got up and went off to his father. But when he was still far away his father saw him and felt pity for him and ran to fall upon his neck and kiss him.

"The son said to him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you; I don't deserve to be called your son any more.' But the father said to his servants, 'Quick, bring the best robe and put it on him, the fatted calf, kill it, let us eat and be merry: for my son here was dead and he is found.'

"So they began to make merry. So, I tell you," said Jesus, "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over a sinner who repents."

—Luke xv. 1-2; 11-21 (No far's translation)

## A PRAYER FOR MOTHERS' DAY

Seek out and bless this day, O Father of Love, all those to whom the name of Mother suggests only dim memories in the distant past, and who walk through life deprived of the joy which is ours, springing from innumerable recollections of mother-love.

Since the little children whom Death has robbed of their dearest possession, and who look wistfully at their mothered companions of the school and street.

Comfort these men, who, seeing with aching hearts the likeness of their departed loved ones in the faces of the little ones around them, strive to fight, single-handed, the battle that two together should wage.

Grant us, we pray, a vivid consciousness of the blessings Thou hast bestowed upon us. In the name of Thy Son who, in His extremely remembered His earthly mother, we ask these things. Amen.

## Wherever

there is sin and misery, poverty and despair, pain and discouragement, wherever there are men who are down and out, women who have erred, and defenceless little children to protect, there you will find The Salvation Army at work with clear-headed systematized and understanding effort to reclaim and rehabilitate fallen men and women, and to provide protection and opportunity in life for little children.

## God is Looking For You

FROM THE CALGARY HERALD  
(A Letter to the Editor)

The Army at the Police Court

Dear Sir:

In connection with The Salvation Army appeal for funds I am sure to pay tribute to the work of the Salvation Army at the police court. An Officer of the Army attends the sittings of the court, and is always ready to assist deserving men by providing shelter and food, or by finding employment for them.

I feel that The Army is entitled to public recognition for the work.

W. H. SELL  
Crown Prosecutor at the Calgary Police Court.

The Immigration Department wishes us to announce that at the Balmoral Lodge, 241 Balmoral St., Winnipeg, there is now accommodation for transients—Salvationists and friends who may be visiting the city from time to time—who may wish to avoid the eyes of this accommodation.

THE **WA**  
WILLIAM BOOTH.  
Founder  
INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.  
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THERE was no question about it, and there was equally no question of temper; and when Bill was in a by his pronounced dislike of The Army for those in his near company.

Truth to say, he rather prided himself on a platform apart from worked. He said he "opposed it" meant by so saying he did not quite phrases which his pet orator frequented "on principle" he opposed The Army.

One of his work-mates, who was his principal objection was that "his collections." There and then arose



"He clenched his